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KILLAMS MILLS NB

HONOR ROLL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE.

*CHARLES MOLLEUR,
Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que.

*J. A. LATHAM, Montreal, Que.
*HENRY W. RIVA, Outremont, Que.
*N. M. MUNSLOW, Montreal, Que.
NATHANIEL DUNBAR,
Supt. Antioch S. S., Teeswater, Ont.
E. G. WILKINSON, Cambray, Ont.
ALICE CONSLEY, Proton Station, Ont.
*ANNIE LEITH, Outremont, Que.
*JAMES DUNCAN, Vasey, Ont.
MISS H. BUTLER, S. Stukeley, Que.
*LILLIAN McCUTCHEON, Roblin, Ont.
(Aged 9 years).
R. W. NEWTON, Woodstock, Ont.
LUCY STEWART, Renfrew, Ont.
*GERTRUDE McKELL, Ormstown, Que.
*MAY BELL Montreal, Que.
CECIL NEW, Hamilton, Ont.
*LEWIS HANNA, Munster, Ont.
*ANNIE SUTHERLAND, Whitby, Ont.
E. L. ALEXANDER, Mascouche Rapids, Q.
ETHEL L. HODGE, Lachine, Que.
BEATRICE BABCOCK, Sharbot Lake, Ont
FLOSSIE L. FULTON, Bass River, N.S.
*ZETA L. M. BRUCE, North Bay, Ont.
MILLIE A. MORRELL, Tryon, P.E.I.
*MISS LULU WELSH, Forest City, Me.
*JENNIE HOWARD, Thurso, Que.
LILLIAN ANDERSON, Jolicure, N.B.
*****GERTIE CLEMENTS, Montreal.
*ELLEN MORRISON, Montreal.
*CORNIE KELLER, Sherbrooke, Que.
*ANNIE A. NELSON, Leamington, N.S.
ANNIE M. CURRIE, Waterville, N.B.
GRACE E. HARBER, Jacksonville, N.B.
ANNIE A. GILROY, Leamington, N.S.
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MISS M. J. ROBINSIN, Waltham, Que.
NELLIE THIRLWALL, Duncrief, Ont.

ALREADY 2,066 SIGNATURES.

Mr. Molleur's name heads the Roll in heavier type than the others because he was the first to send a score of signatures to the Pledge. Who will have the honor of heading with heavy type the Honor Roll of next week? This additional honor belongs to the sender of the first list received each week.

Mr. Molleur's name has also * before it, indicating that he sent one additional list of signatures, making forty names in all, and is, therefore, entitled to a copy of the famous picture 'Christ Before Pilate.' It must be remembered that only the first five hundred to get an * by sending in at least one additional list, forty signatures in all, before Nov. 15, are entitled to receive a copy of this picture.

It is pleasing to note that a large proportion of others have secured additional lists. One of them Miss Gertie Clements, has sent in five extra lists, or a total of one hundred and twenty signatures to the pledge, consequently she is entitled to five * and a copy of the picture. Her portrait will be given in next week's issue unless some one sends in a larger number.

This is surely a good crusade; 2,066 signatures have already been received and copies of the picture above referred to have been forwarded to every one with at least one * before their names. Let the good work go on.

DEAR SIRS:

MONTREAL, Nov. 3, 1902.

I received the picture, "Christ Before Pilate," on Saturday, and I think it is very nice It is well worth working for. Thank you very much for the picture. Mama is going to have it framed.

J. ARTHUR LATHAM.

NOTE—Subscribers who have lost the issue of Oct. 31, explaining this Crusade may write a card for another copy, which will be mailed free of charge.

Mrs. 'But.'

Mrs. 'But' is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but, John, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, 'My dear, here comes Mrs. "But."' He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

'Oh, she is indeed,' said Mrs. 'But,' heartily, 'she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. 'But,' she went on, lowering her voice, 'there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget them.'

What necessity there was for that drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. 'But' dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nelly is a shy, brown-eyed girl of fifteen, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. 'I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music,' I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

'Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl,' she admitted, 'but I suppose you know she is a poor-house waif?'

'No,' I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. 'But' was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home from prayer-meeting, John remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

'Yes, he is a very interesting speaker,' said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture-room, 'and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy.'

John made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

'I've no patience,' he exclaimed the moment we were by ourselves, 'with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be

If the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging "buts," and the whitest robe in all the "white-robed throng' would be in danger of being smutted.'

'And yet, I said, 'Mrs. "But" evidently considers herself a Christian."

'Oh, I don't dispute her title,' said John, 'but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.'—'Friendly Visitor.'

The Fearless Monk

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Lorenzo the Magnificent, as he was known in Florence, was dying at the early age of forty-four. Never very strong, he had worn out his weak frame by every kind of base living, and sins too many and too dark to mention.

He was only twenty-one years old when he began to reign over fair Florence. When the high-souled monk Savonarola came to the city, and entered the monastery of St. Mark, Lorenzo was at the height of his power and his fame. Under his rule all things wore an air of seeming prosperity and well-being.

But it was his tyranny, and the tyranny of those who had reigned before him, that brought about this false peace. All refusing to bend beneath his yoke were either imprisoned, exiled, or dead.

It is not difficult to see that such a life as Lorenzo had lived could not have a peaceful close.

His conscience would not let him rest when he knew that his end was near. How could he have peace of mind, when he thought that it was by bloodshed that he kept the power by which he ruled? He had taken the funds of the State for his own private use.

By even diabolical methods he had sought to corrupt the minds of the people. It is difficult to find a single instance of genuine kindness ever wrought by him, either toward his people, his friends, or his relations.

Yet so strange is human nature, that much of his leisure was spent in literary studies, in which he had been trained by the most learned men of his time.

He had learnt the art of poetry, and, as the patron of scholars and artists, his palace became the resort of the finest scholars of the day.

But all this, without a true knowledge of God and love to Christ, did not and could not make him a good man.

When, therefore, he was wasting away with a severe internal disease, and all hope of recovery was gone, no wonder that he was in an agony of fear at the thought of soon being called to meet God.

His doctors did all that was in their power to restore him to health. One even gave him a draught of 'distilled gems' in the hope of prolonging his life. But it was all to no purpose.

How he was haunted by spectres of the past! All his sins rose before him, and became more and more threatening. But no religious ministrations of the priests could give a moment's relief.

Suddenly he thought of Savonarola. 'I know of no honest friar,' he said, 'save this one.' And at once a messenger was sent to beg him to come to Lorenzo's dying bed.

At first Savonarola was inclined to refuse. No words of his, he thought, could be of use to such a man as Lorenzo the Magnificent.

But on learning how desperately ill the sick man was, and how anxious he seemed to confess to him, he set forth without delay.

Entering the room where the dying ruler lay, the monk respectfully drew near the bed. Immediately the prince, in great agitation and excitement, mentioned some of the sins that were on his conscience.

Savonarola sought to calm him by saying: 'God is good! God is merciful.' 'But,' he added, 'three things are necessary.'

'What things, father?' replied Lorenzo.

'Firstly, a great and living faith in God's mercy.'

'I have the fullest faith in it,' exclaimed the sick man.

'Secondly, you must restore all your ill-gotten wealth, or at least charge your sons to restore it in your name.'

At this Lorenzo seemed struck with surprise and grief; but he gave a nod of assent.

'Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence.'

The monk's eyes, as if seeking the answer, were fixed upon those of Lorenzo. He, however, putting forth all his remaining strength, angrily turned his back without uttering a word.

Savonarola left his presence, and Lorenzo soon after breathed his last.

Oh! how impossible it is to crowd into a dying hour the faith and love and trust that should be the daily life of the soul. The only way to be prepared for death is to be living by faith on the Son of God.

Then it does not matter in the least when the angel comes to bear our soul away to the presence of the father, we shall be ready.

Only 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth from all sin.'

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

SAVONAROLA DEMANDING THE LIBERTIES OF FLORENCE FROM LORENZO.

Mr. Moody's Conversion.

Mr. Edward Kimball, through whose influence Mr. Moody was converted, thus tells the story of that event.

'Then came the day when I determined to speak to Moody about Christ and about his soul. I started down to Holton's shoe store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I ought to go just then, during business hours. I thought maybe my mission might so embarrass the boy that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was, and when they learned they might taunt Moody and ask if I was trying to make a good boy out of him.

'While I was pondering over it all I passed the store without noticing it. Then when I found that I had gone by the door I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes in paper and putting them on shelves. I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder, and as I leaned over I put my foot upon a shoe box. I feel that I made a very weak plea for Christ.

'I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, the future great evangelist gave himself and his life to Christ.'—'Forward.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Young People's Social.

(Pansy, in 'C. E. World.')

I attended, three weeks ago, a young people's social, which was a success. I do not think that from eight o'clock until half-past ten there was a 'stiff' moment. Let me tell you of some of the plans for entertainment.

A committee consisting of a young man and a young woman met the guests as soon as they had paid their respects to the hostess (and, by the way, they observed the formalities of fashionable society with regard to this, the hostess and her friends standing in line to welcome and introduce each guest), and informed them that each had a character to sustain, and that they must learn by questioning others just what they were. Then were pinned to their backs slips of paper, each bearing a name, not of an historic character or a famous heroine of fiction, as you have perhaps seen done; the wise committee had agreed that this might embarrass some of the youngest guests; so the names were of animals, of insects, of 'things.' For instance, one young man of six feet and well-proportioned was a humming bird, and a fair-faced young girl was a cartwheel!

Fun began at once. The rules were that all questions were to be of such a nature that they could be answered by 'Yes' or 'No.' It was interesting to note how mystified some of the victims were. One young fellow asked in a sprightly manner,' Am I green?' and was answered promptly, 'Yes, very green,' followed with bursts of laughter. Behold, he was a katydid!

By the time all had either guessed their names or confessed defeat and paid their forfeits embarrassment or undue gravity was impossible. They were ready for games. These had been supplied in abundance. The famous crokinole board occupied one table; tiddledywinks had another; and variations of the ever-present author's cards took two tables, so popular are they still. 'Gobang' was there also, and several other bright little games, easily played and sparkling with fun.

Nothing intricate was allowed, if one may except anagrams, which can be made intricate if the players will permit. Here, again, the committee of entertainment showed their wisdom. It was no part of their plan to allow certain guests to become absorbed in their favorite amusement to the exclusion of sociability and the interests of others. Fifteen minutes were given to each table; then a tiny bell was rung, and not only tables but partners must change, so that an entirely new set found themselves circled around each table, compelled by their environment, to be social with one another.

In this way an hour, which seemed but a few minutes, passed delightfully. At its close the company were ready for chocolate and wafers, over which they discussed in a businesslike manner, with 'motions' duly made, various business plans for the coming winter, voting with intelligence and evident zest. Altogether, it was the best social and business meeting combined that it has ever been my pleasure to attend.

The programme is subject, of course, to endless variations. The central thoughts are something, sufficiently informal to cause no embarrassment to any guest, something so general or so easy of arrangement that many can join in it, and somebody's hand at the helm so that nothing shall be permitted to become exclusive and absorbing.

Sixpence to See the Mermaid.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Years ago I looked through the glass cases of fishes in the beautiful Brighton Aquarium again and again; stood in mute delight to watch the gorgeous sea-anemones, saw the octopuses unwind their long length till their spreading arms extended from one side of the compartment to the other, and as suddenly contracted into a comparative nutshell; and, lastly, I lingered in front of the man who took the 'sixpence extra for the mermaid,' and wondered whether it were worth paying to see after all.

That knotty question could, however,

A FRONT VIEW.

only be decided after going in for it, so the money was paid and I stood expectant. 'The mermaid!' Would it be like the fair creature of which I had read in 'Undine,' with beautiful long tresses and enticing winning ways, but soulless? Would it appal me by its likeness to human kind—so like, and yet so different? Would it really seem to woo me to itself beneath the waters?

I looked and, behold! a great ungainly creature with two fore-fins, which, by a stretch of imagination, are said to be like hands, and which, as the heavy hippopotamus-like animal swims to and fro, perpetually seem to beat the water. Hind fins it has none, and hence its natural order, Mutilata.

One glance dissipates the romance which lies in the name 'Mermaid,' and we willingly accept the substitute of manatee, or sea-cow.

It is allied to the whale tribe, having warm blood. It has a flat horizontal tail; no neck to speak of; no ears, except two holes, so small that they do not show in the picture; no legs; no arms; almost no eyes—at least they are so small and so buried in the wrinkles that you can hardly see them; while it is but scantily supplied with hair, just a few short hairs sprouting out over its back.

The manatee is a sociable and inoffensive creature. If one of a party is harpooned, the rest crowd round it, and try to pull out the harpoon, or to bite off the rope attached to it. The Indians hunt it for its flesh, of which they are extremely fond. Europeans who have tasted it say it much resembles pork.

Many years ago the Governor of Nicaragua, in America, kept a tame manatee in a lake on his estate. This good-natured creature would not only come to dinner when it was called crawling out of the water and up to the house, but it would allow people to ride on its back! As many as ten people, it is said, would sometimes mount it and ride safely across the lake. Its native home is in the rivers of Africa and America, and it is a true vegetarian.

The manatee at Brighton was said to be the only living specimen in Europe. There is really nothing attractive in the uncouth stranger but its misleading name.

Teddy's Travels.

(By Helen Stirling, in 'The Westminster.')

Teddy had seen the sky black as ink, and had gazed up into the clear blue; the waves had rolled high, and had sunk to rest like a tired child. He had been in the engine-room and had seen the two giants laboring hard, and watched the jolly black-faced stokers feed the hungry monsters; had learned to box the compass, and tell the bells. The phosphorous had danced on the waves for him, and the sunsets—should he ever forget them? One he could not. The vast expanse of heaving, rippling blue, lost in the horizon; the fiery ball sinking slowly into the sea—lower and lower—now the heaving ocean touches it, sinks back; still it hangs above—low—lower—and now the red rim touches the blue, lower—lower—now 'tis half below, and now—'tis gone. But up the floating clouds, over the rippling water creeps a golden, crimson glory. Far, far, in the west the ripples first catch the glow; nearer and nearer, higher and higher, it steals, till the ship is lost in the glory.

'Oh, father, isn't it lovely?' said Teddy reverently, as the glow faded slowly from sky and sea.

'Do you remember your picture books of long ago, Teddy? You have a picture gallery in your memory, have you not? This is a picture to add to your gallery. The world is full of beautiful pictures, and I think our Father, the great Painter, means them only to be pictures. Is this great sea, time, bounded, but beyond our ken? The sun, life, rising in the East, mounting to the zenith, then slowly sinking, sinking as brightly as when we saw it. Death is the dropping of a life below our horizon that is all. Isn't it, Teddy?'

So Teddy moved steadily on to the land of his dreams.

First came land in the distance, like a low, long cloud, the dim outline grew clearer, the gulls more numerous and noisy; other white wings, the fishing smacks, appeared, and the great green hills rose out of the sea of blue.

'I know now why Ireland is called the Emerald Isle. It's because its hills are so green; isn't it, father?'

'Perhaps so,' was the reply.

Liverpool came next, and now past was the silence and solitariness of the sea. All was noise and bustle. Immense steamers, with flags flying, steamed proudly, bravely out into the unknown; others, like Teddy's, came slowly in, as if tired with their long journey. Here and there darted trim little tugs; great barges lumbered by. Tenders flew hither and thither. One came bustling up to Teddy's steamer, passengers were transferred to her, carried up the Mersey and docked. Teddy was in England. A four-wheeler rattled them

over the stone pavements and hurried them out at the great station.

What a station! Tracks! and tracks!! and tracks!!! Engines! and engines!! and engines!!! It seemed to Teddy that every minute one shot out into the darkness. He only had time to say, 'Oh, mother, the engines are just like our toy engines, painted red and green; and such small wheels, and I can't see the cylinder, and the engineer is all uncovered, and—' when a guard hustled them into a compartment—father arriving just in time to be jumbled in, too—looked at their tickets, slammed the door, locked it, gave a shrill whistle, and they were off.

'What a funny car. It's just like a big packing case with a door and windows at each end. Are they all like this, father?'

'Yes, Teddy, and you'll soon learn why, when you see the crowds that travel and the speed the trains make. This whole train can be emptied in a very few minutes.'

Teddy took his seat at the window, but soon tiring of watching the lights flash out and disappear as they rushed through the darkness, he was glad to put his head down on the pillow the porter had provided, and was soon fast asleep.

He woke to find himself in another station, many miles from Liverpool. A short drive over stone-paved streets and then the 'Welcome Home.' Such a welcome! Teddy never forgot it. Many times he saw in memory, grandmother's great, quiet welcome to her boy, his father.

Even Dandy, the Scotch terrier, looking with keen black eyes through a mass of shaggy hair, grown grey with age, welcomed them with severe waggings of his little tail.

Glorious days followed; days which smoothed out the care lines from Mr. Troop's face, and made him young again; and the color crept back to mother's cheeks, and Teddy was happy.

One morning Cousin Maisy woke him early, 'Can't guess where we're going today, Ted; can't guess, can't guess,' and she chuckled.

'Where to?' yawned Teddy.

'Guess, guess, you haven't got such a place in Canada, anyway.'

'Got plenty better,' mumbled Teddy. 'I'll ask Aunt Mary,' and he made a rush for the stairs.

'Don't tell, mother, make him guess all the way,' shouted Maisy.

Soon the trap was at the door. 'Guess, Teddy, guess,' cried Maisy, in glee.

'Jerusalem,' said Teddy.

Over the white road they rolled, in and out among the trees; beautiful green hedges skirted the road; red tiled houses covered with roses peeped out from the green. The little farms, marked off by hedges or stone dykes, looked like so many trim, well-kept gardens; not an ugly fence to be seen.

Soon they came to a row of low thatched cottages close by the roadside.

'Guess, Teddy, guess,' cried Maisy, 'this is your last chance.'

'Bobbie Burns!' shouted Teddy, as he lighted on the stone before the door.

'Oh, he saw, mother; he saw the picture in the window.'

With a feeling of reverence they entered the low rooms. Mementoes of the young poet were everywhere. Poems in his own hand-writing; letters written by him; the room in which, as a boy, he had sat by the fireside during the long winter evenings, thinking long, long thoughts.

'Mother, was he a very great man?' whispered Teddy.

'Yes, dear, he was a very great man, though he was so young when he died, more than one hundred years ago; but not as great as he might have been. God had given him great gifts, but he loved his own will more than God's, and did the things he wished to do, rather than those he ought. He was full of love, and taught, through his poems and songs, the whole world to love more. But he was weak when he should have been strong.'

Every mother wants her boy to be great, but some know they can only be truly great by being good—good. Is that a sermon, Teddy? It's over.

After a visit to the 'Auld Kirk,' and 'The Brig o' Doon,' of which Teddy knew something. Do you? and a drive through Ayr, which Teddy always associated with Wallace, they turned homeward.

But new scenes awaited Teddy. His Uncle Robert lived in a town among the Ochil hills, and there our three travellers went. I must not take time to tell you much of the hapy days he and Cousin Bertie spent together. All boys know the kind of days two boys, with the very same day for a birthday, could have. Nor can I tell you of the day spent at Castle Campbell, up the Glen from Dollar, a castle built many years ago, as a place of safety. And a place of safety it truly is, and in a lovely spot. I would like to take you up that glen, to climb with you the steep side of the hill, on which the castle stands, by the one hundred and fifty steps of Jacob's Ladder; to stand with you on the top of the tower, and look down upon the Glen, up which we have toiled; to lead you through the narrow gorge in the rocks, only ten feet wide, the rocks rising sheer above us, over one hundred feet, to stand on the narrow, long foot-bridge and listen to the roar of the rushing torrent and the sound of the wind as it rushes through the chasm; again to lean forward and pluck from the side of the rock leaves for loved ones far away; to—but Teddy wishes to hurry to his favorite castle, and see again the sights he saw there.

Not far from this Glen is a town on the slope of a hill on the main road between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. On the very top of the hill, one side is a precipice, stands a very old castle, one of the most interesting spots in Scotland, and commanding one of the grandest views. In climbing to it, Teddy and his friends had passed by a statue of Sir William Wallace. Teddy had been reading Scottish history, and had read 'The Scottish Chiefs,' and was interested. Near the castle gate stood Robert Bruce. He crossed the draw-bridge, passed under the portcullis, and entered the court. A guide led them step by step to the top of the wall, which surrounded the castle, and on which was a walk, and pointed out to them the great Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig, a hill rising out of the valley of the Forth, not very far from the scene of his greatest victory. Which one? At their feet rose another little hill, called Hurley Hawkie, by James I., when, as a boy, he slid down its sides on the skulls of cattle. Teddy wished to stay and watch some soldiers in kilts, storming this kopje, but the guide hurried them on. Have you guessed the name of this castle? No! He showed them the battlefield of Bannockburn, the Castle Park, the scene of the tournaments, jousts and games of many years ago, the scene of the Douglas victory at the games—you remember that, do you not, in the Lady of the Lake?—he took them into the castle and showed them the Douglas room in which William, Earl of Douglas, was assassinated by James II., and his nobles; showed them the pulpit from which John Knox preached, the model of the Scottish crown, and the chair of James VI. Can you guess now.

Suddenly Teddy said, 'Listen, father listen!' and up through the clear air came the sound of the bagpipes. Hurrying down to the castle court they found all bustle. Soldiers in kilts rushing hither and thither, men in uniforms busy. Teddy and his friends took their stand on the tower steps. The pipers piped, the Kilties hurried in and drew up in line. An officer stepped to the front, the music ceased, and the roll was called. Teddy's eyes grew dim as each man, his blanket strapped across his breast, his knapsack on his back, answered to his name, some in clear, ringing voice, others huskily. It was soon over, and then the pipes again, and to the 'Cock o' the North' these two hundred Scotch laddies — only laddies they were—marched through the gates, across the draw-bridge, down to the station, while the walls of old Stirling were bright with the red coats of their comrades who clambered up and sent shout after shout to cheer them on their way to South Africa. Two hundred marched away that day. How many returned?

I cannot take time to tell you of Teddy's visit to Grey Friar's Church, in which Baby Queen Mary, a few months old, was crowned, in 1543, and the Baby boy James VI., in 1567, when the great John Knox preached.

Out in the graveyard they stood long at the Martyrs' Monument, but longest at a long narrow bed, marked only by a Columba cross, where rests one whom the world has learned to love, and who has taught boys that to 'seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness' is true life, and that it is better not to live than not to love. Do you know whose Beautiful House lies there? Henry Drummond's.

But Teddy was tired, and so are you, and we will travel no further to-night.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Some interesting surprises are noted in glancing at the figures showing the number of prohibition counties in the southern states. Kentucky is a standing target for jokes about liquor drinking because of its immense production of whiskey. But it is a fact that of the ninety-four counties of Kentucky only four permit the sale of liquor except on physicians' prescriptions. The big state of Texas, which has a 'wide-open' reputation in the north, has 120 prohibition counties. Georgia leads all of its sister states of the south with 132; Missouri has 84, Tennessee 70, North Carolina 60, Virginia 55, Alabama 50, Arkansas 50, West Virginia 40, Florida 30, and so on.

Aunt Mollie's Boy.

(Grace W. Hoekje, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

I went to see Aunt Mollie last week—the dear old Aunt Mollie of all the town—and as I came near to the house I heard her singing with all her might. It was the old, old hymn that touches hearts to-day as it did twenty-five years ago, 'Where is my boy to-night?' I followed the sound around the tiny house till I found her ironing in the crowded kitchen. My message was soon told, but still I lingered. Somehow, one was never in a hurry to leave Aunt Mollie.

'I heard you singing when I came in,' I said, shamelessly trying to begin a conversation and find excuse for staying longer.

'Did you? I didn't know I was singing so loud'; then, after a minute, 'That was Ernie's song.'

'Your boy?' I said, clutching at the straw. If only she would begin a story!

'Yes, my boy, Ernest. It's his birthday to-day, so I can't help singing the song he always liked best. I've been thinking about him all day. Twenty-two years ago. How proud the children were of their little brother! And how pleased his father was when I said we'd give the baby it's father's name.'

'I didn't know you had other children, Aunt Mollie. Where do they live?'

'In the better country, child. They went away when Ernie was only five years old—two girls and a boy. It was diphtheria. I was visiting my sister with the baby when it broke out, so I left him there and came home; but all I could do was to take care of them as they sickened and died—all three in two weeks. Half a year after, my husband was killed in a railway accident, and ever since then it's been just us two.'

'Was he always with you, Auntie?'

'Always, till he went to college two years ago. He always said he wanted to stay at home and take care of me; but, of course, there had to be a time when he couldn't any more—and he's doing finely in college. I almost know he's at the head of his classes. Ernie always was good at learning. You ought to see his high-school record! He was willing to study anything. Only once he objected, and that was when I wanted him to take singing lessons. He thought it would cost too much; but I told him I had money enough laid by, so he could take a term, anyway. I knew he'd never see that the new dress I was going to have was my old one made over. Boys never know the difference, anyhow, between a sateen and a camel's hair—leastwise not till they have to pay for them. Well, so he took his first term, and ever since we've managed to get the money for him to take more.'

'I should think it would be hard for you to support him in college, though.'

'I don't do it alone; that was arranged years ago. Husband and I always said we wanted our children to have a good education; so we saved, until we had a hundred dollars for each one. But now they don't need it any more, and it all goes to Ernie. That makes a hundred dollars a year for his college course, and the rest we earn together. Ernie isn't afraid of work.'

Suddenly I remembered a report I had often heard: 'He goes in for sports a good deal, doesn't he?'

She looked at me with her steady grey eyes till I felt my face rival the red waist she was ironing. 'Why,' she asked, 'have you heard some bad reports about him? Don't you think sports are beneficial? Some people say they are an unmixed evil. I don't know. Ernie says a person has to do something like that to get exercise, and it doesn't cost very much. Gymnasium work must be fine; you read so much about it in all the newspapers. As for football and baseball, Ernie has always been interested in them. The very first money he earned himself, when he was only nine years old, went for a baseball, and he has kept it ever since. Sometimes I wish one wasn't quite so apt to get hurt, and the days when I know they play an exciting game I keep thinking, "What if something should happen!" and I can't sleep for nervousness. But I wouldn't have Ernie lose one bit of pleasure for me, and I'm sure that he would never do anything that isn't exactly right; I can trust my boy.'

'He ought to think a great deal of his mother,' I remarked rather lamely.

'He is good to me—good as anybody could be. He never forgets when my birthday comes, and you ought to see the presents he sends me then! And when he comes home for vacation he isn't ashamed to go to church with me, and take me all around, and wait on me like his father used to do. It doesn't seem to spoil him at all that he sees so many pretty, talented young ladies while he is away. I've wished he would tell me about them. There's one, whose picture I saw once. I was mending his coat, and it fell out of his pocket. And when he is at home he gets a square blue letter every week, always from the same place. When I asked him about it he blushed and said, "It's Miss May Martin, a friend of mine." And that was all he would say. Some day I know he will tell me all, but a mother can't help feeling a little anxious, and wishing she knew more about Miss Martin.'

'You hear from him quite often?'

'Yes, he writes every other week, and I send a letter to him every Monday. He says letters do him so much good, so I try to write a little every evening. But you can't imagine how interesting his letters are when they come. He is so busy he can't write often, but it's fine to read about the professors, and the bright scholars and the dull, and the people he meets, and the good times he has! It almost makes me wish I could go to college myself. That's a picture of one of the college buildings hanging over your head. I got it out of an old catalogue. I can just imagine Ernie going up that walk, and into the big swinging doors. I have been trying to find pictures of some of the other college buildings, but I haven't found any yet. Once Ernie sent me one of the college papers, and how I studied that! I got all the poems by heart, and most of the articles, too, so I felt as if I knew some of the boys he talked about. I want to be a chum of my boy, and encourage all good things in him. It isn't always easy for a boy to do right.'

Why were there tears in her voice, I wondered? Could it be that reading between the lines, as all mothers do, she had found cause for alarm and perhaps even grief? If so, her next words gave no such hints.

'Ernie is doing a great deal of good in college, I guess. He doesn't say much about that, but I know he attends church and the prayer-meetings, and he teaches Sunday-school, too. That was something I always wanted to do, but I haven't the education, and it seems somehow as if he is filling the place I couldn't and doing the work I should like to do; something like Solomon, you know, doing the work David longed to do. He gets along finely, too, with his studies, and has marks as high as any in the class. I tell you, he's a boy to be proud of! Sometimes I think how maybe he's homesick, and that worries me, and it seems as if I can't bear to have him gone, when the loneliness comes over me. I know it's all for the best, but I can't help feeling lonesome. And then I think of all the things he used to do and say, and this song brings it all back to me. No matter where he was, he'd always come running to me when he heard 'Where is my boy to-night." And then I'd ask, "Will my boy always come to mother when she sings that song?" and he'd say, "Yes, mamma, always, and I want to love you now." And then he'd climb on my lap and put his arms around my neck and kiss me. I know it is foolish, but I wish he could hear me singing to-day. Maybe, he would come and kiss me just like he used to, though he hasn't in ten years; or, maybe, he would write one of the nice long letters he wrote when he was first gone. But my heart cries out, and I want my boy.'

There certainly were tears now, and the passionate yearning in her voice stayed with me long after I left the little cottage. And I wished I could tell Aunt Mollie's boy, for I am sure if he knew he would not let his mother think that her boy had forgotten her. But I could not see him, and so I am writing this to ask you. Do you know Aunt Mollie's boy? And, if you do, won't you tell him?

Odious Comparisons.

(By Elizabeth Durfree, in 'Congregationalist.')

Laura came hurrying in from school to tell her mother about the result of the examinations, an all-important topic in the minds of public school children.

'I got ninety-seven in history,' she began, but her mother's quick ear was conscious of a note of dissatisfaction in the usually happy voice. 'And ninety in grammar and ninety-eight in arithmetic, so my average is ninety-five.'

'That is splendid,' said Mrs. Brown, 'but I knew you would do well, for you always do,' and she kissed her pretty daughter, looking at her with eyes full of love and admiration. Then she added: 'I think you ought to feel very happy, Laura,' but she was still conscious that something troubled her dear child.

'I should be, mother, if I had been the highest, but Tom Boynton got ninety-six and Edith Snow ninety-eight, so you see I'm only third, and that's awful! And I've been first in recitations all through the year, too, and I think it's mean that I can't do better in exams!' and the ambitious girl burst into tears of chagrin and disappointment.

It was the mother's turn to feel troubled now, as she realized the wrong standard of her daughter's ambition. She knew the child was not by nature either selfish or envious, and in an earnest talk she

tried to make her see that these unlovely traits would soon mar her character if her aim in study was to excel others, rather than to make the most of her own powers in order to be of use in the world.

Within the next week the mother several times had occasion to notice the very same spirit manifested in other ways by older people.

'What a beautiful winter suit!' she said to an intimate friend, whose new costume she saw for the first time.

'I'm glad you like it,' was the response. 'I was delighted with it till I saw Mrs. Sloan's, but her cloth is so much finer, the shade so exquisite and the fit absolutely perfect! Oh, you won't think much of mine after you see hers. I feel shabby in it already!'

'I shouldn't think of comparing them,' was the reply, but the friend shook her head, discontentedly.

'It's such a comfort to be in your lovely home,' Mrs. Brown said to her sister, shortly afterward, when making a visit.

'It's a comfort to hear you say so,' but the tone was rather gloomy. 'I used to think it lovely myself, but we haven't been able to buy new things and everybody else has been refurnishing or building a new house altogether, till this seems to me most decidedly a back number and I cannot enjoy it as I used to.'

'The same story,' thought troubled Mrs. Brown, and, as she went up to her room, she heard, through the open window, the sound of boys' voices.

'My, ain't that a dandy wheel!' was the admiring exclamation of a boy of twelve.

'Pooh! this ain't anything side of Tom Jones's Columbia Chainless! You just ought to see it! And he's got a coaster brake, too! I used to like this before I saw his, but now I wish I'd never had it for a birthday present. 'Tain't more'n half worth having.'

Mrs. Brown sighed, and she sighed still more as she went down stairs, for her niece, Emily, had just come in from school and had thrown down a pretty hat in disgust, as she said to her mother: 'I can't wear that hat another day! Nobody wears that shape any more. The girls have all got new ones, awfully stylish they are, too, and I've just got to have one. I'm ashamed to go out of the house in this!'

'Truly "comparisons are odious,"' Mrs. Brown said to herself. 'Indeed, a few more such instances will convince me that they are the bane of our modern life. To be sure, the Good Book says that no man liveth to himself, but I'm sure it never meant that we were to be constantly comparing ourselves with others and always dissatisfied if our best falls short of theirs. I mean to start an anti-comparison league and have the members pledge themselves to refrain from making odious comparisons!'

Wouldn't it be well for every intelligent woman to join such a league?

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Hansel's Answer.

('Young Christian Soldier.')

In the Sunday morning stillness
Sat the teacher with his school;
Patiently their minds instructing,
With a mild and gentle rule.

Telling them of God Almighty,
Of His love to all below,
Of His kindness and compassion,
Greater far than we can know.

'Now, I want to ask a question,'
Said the teacher with a smile,
Looking on the upturned faces,
Full of interest the while.

'I have told you that our Father
Sees the smallest thing we do,
And can hear our slightest whisper,
Be it foul or be it true.

'Now, where dwells our Heavenly Father,
Tell me, children, can you say?'
Then he paused, and little Hansel
Raised his hand without delay.

'That is right; I'm glad you know it;
Tell me now, don't be afraid.'
And with great deliberation,
Little Hans this answer made:

'Down below the grove of willows,
Where, in spring, the river swells,
In a little whitewashed cottage—
There our Heavenly Father dwells!'

Then out burst a shout of laughter,
From the boys at this reply;
While the child, bewildered, frightened,
Puckered up his face to cry.

But the teacher, with a gesture,
Hushed them, frowns upon his face,
And, his arm around Hansel putting,
Said, 'Who told you that this place

Was the spot above all others
Where our Heavenly Father dwells?
No one need be ever frightened
If the truth he only tells.'

' 'Twas my father,' Hansel answered,
Trying hard his tears to dry;
'It was only yester even
That the cottage we passed by.

'There we saw a man and woman
She was sick and he was old;
And five little children, shivering,
Close together, with the cold.

'Yet the neighbors said they never
Heard a cross word or a sigh;
And were told whene'er they asked them,
"They were happy—God was nigh."

' "He would care for them, they knew it,
Food enough would surely give;
Fuel, too, they had in plenty,
To enable them to live."

'So they praised Him for these blessings,
Spite of all this want and cold;
And my father bade me listen
As this tale of trust was told.

'And he said, in this small cottage,
Where they rested on His love,
Lived our Heavenly Father, surely,
Just as in the sky above.'

'You are right,' replied the teacher,
Much affected by the tale,
'Those who love Him have our Father
Dwelling near them, nor will fail.

'Ever from them His kind keeping,
So, you see, boys, Hans was right
When he said that this small cotta
Really held the Lord of Might.

I Want to be a Missionary.

('Morning Star.')

Landour, India, June 28, 1901.

My dear Girls and Boys,—It is almost twenty years since I came to India. I am having a vacation with plenty of time to review the past and discover its errors. They have brought loss to my work and sorrow to myself. Can no good come out of this evil? In the hope that it may I am writing to you to-night.

Among you are many who think sometime of being missionaries. I am very sure of this, for scores of grown people when quite too late confess how they once cherished the hope and abandoned it for want of guidance. Perhaps you have not mentioned it, even to your mother, for you imagine all missionaries are saints and you fear some one will think you self-righteous. Now read on while I tell you one or two helpful secrets.

I know many missionaries, and the greatest of all are great in this—they are simply faithful in little duties. So never imagine you can do some great thing twenty years hence if you neglect little things to-day. Never imagine that somewhere—sometime, in India, China, or Africa—you will, like Peter, bring thousands to Christ, if to-day you are not keeping your pledge, reading your Bible, praying and 'doing what Jesus wants you to do.'

There is a place somewhere waiting for you—a place which but for you must still sit in darkness. Wherever that is, it needs a missionary who has a genius for drudgery—manual drudgery even. Don't kick at every-day tasks. Dishes must be washed three times a day. Cows must be fed and the milking done. Suppose that should never be a part of your mission work; the habit of conscientiously performing distasteful duties, once well formed, will never forsake you.

You will need a strong body. Perhaps the place God has waiting for you is in the jungles, where there are great hardships to endure, where the climate will break down all but the strongest, where for Christ's sake you will need broad shoulders, a deep chest, and a good digestion, a clear head that does not ache at trifles, limbs that can do a hard day's work, and after coarse or scanty fare and a rough bed be able to do the same again to-morrow.

Then just keep this possibility in mind. Don't coax mother for dainties. Learn to enjoy the coarse home fare that makes clean blood, strong bone, and sinew. Don't complain because father sets you heavy tasks, but do them. Watch with pride the toughening of sinews and the growth of callous in your palms. 'Twill all be needed some day. The tea? Leave that for the old folks. And never, never touch a cigar.

You need a mind trained to habits of accuracy. Your place may be in a city where there are hundreds of wealthy and educated gentlemen. 'Heathen' you are inclined to call them, for they have made no open renunciation of their idolatry. But they can speak better English than you can, vastly better! They are in every large city in India to-day. They have learned their English from books and not

on the street. How long do you think they will listen to you respectfully after the discovery that you do not understand your own language? So don't be impatient when your teacher corrects you for saying, 'I have saw,' or, 'They come to meeting yesterday.' Don't imagine it's enough if your meaning is understood. Nothing is enough that is not correct, and if you cannot learn your own language, your blunders in a foreign one may neutralize half the good you might do.

Can you imagine how it would seem, after having made an earnest appeal to a company of idolaters on behalf of their souls, and from their fixed attention drawing the conclusion that your message had really reached, and was influencing them, —can you imagine how it would seem, as the crowd dispersed, to overhear the one you had marked as the most interested listener inquire of a by-stander, 'What was that sahib gassing about?' 'Who knows? Couldn't understand anything he said, but what a lot of clothes he wears such a hot day, and how he flung his arms. A little crazy, perhaps.' The show ends. The crowd scatters, and leaves you covered with perspiration and shame.

Precious souls are lost because you neglected your grammar lessons. You will need a loving heart. Perhaps your place will be in some small village, where you will be the personal friend of old and young. The only real friend most of them ever will have. Men and women with gray hair, the lame, blind, and lepers, call you father. Every one brings you his cares and perplexities. The young people come with theirs, and you must help them in choosing husband or wife. And the children! God bless the children! If you are half the man you should be how they will encourage and strengthen by the way they believe in you. The little brown, unclad creatures will surround you at every turn, quarrelling over 'a finger apiece,' which they grasp as they run along with you in your walks. They surprise you with a merry 'peek-a-boo' as they suddenly appear about a corner, gazing into your face with a look of such perfect trust as your own face will never wear till you look upon the face of your Master.

How may you prepare for a trust like this? Be true, be true, be true! Never do, say, or think anything to offend the spirit of Christ within you. Believe in people. Learn to love the worst men and women you know and to find good in them; for there is good in all which will respond to love and to love only.

Yours in his name,

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

Platform Work.

(E. H. Chandler, in 'The Advance.')

There is nothing more worthy of cultivation in any child than a willing and glad ambition to do things. All education in the more elementary schools is being directed with increasing emphasis toward the development of the power of self-expression. And it is worth much to a child to gain such self-control as will enable it to work without hesitation in the presence of others.

This, however, is quite different from thrusting children forward to gain applause. Let the child in the home learn to sit down at the piano and play because of the worth of the music and in order to give some real pleasure to others,, and no harm will result. But when that child plays a 'piece,' merely for the sake of an exhibition of unexpected skill, and in order to gain applause, the ill-effect will not long remain concealed.

All this is equally true of the religious exercises in which children are so often compelled to participate. Any exercise, whether it be the repetition of poetry or singing, which children can enter into unconstrainedly, with no other thought than of the message their words and songs convey, may be of profit both to the children and to other worshippers. Jesus himself would not venture to suppress the hosannas of the juvenile multitudes that hailed his coming into Jerusalem.

Contrast with this the usual exhibit made of children on church platforms or in children's religious organizations. The whole interest of both child and audience is centred in the performance itself rather than in any message conveyed. Self-consciousness is always apparent at such a time. Those who succeed in doing their parts without breaking down are praised for smartness. Those who fail are left with a bitter feeling toward their successful companions. But who is brought nearer to the eternal truth and into closer fellowship with the humble and joyous life of the kingdom of God.

The Boy Who Won.

('Walter C. Stingel, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Tom Hildreth arose from his bed in the dry-goods box, and began his early morning search for some kind of work. He was a barefoot lad of fifteen, with ragged clothes and uncombed hair, but with a stout heart and a determination to succeed.

While on his early morning walk he chanced to pass a large store with a sign in the window, 'Boy Wanted.' Tom entered the store and asked for work. He was told to pile the loose wood in the cellar, for which he was to receive two shillings. He accepted and went about his work with the thought that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. He remained in the cellar all morning and coming up at the noon hour he approached his employer and told him that he would return in the afternoon to finish his work. Being occupied with something else at the time, the manager thought nothing about Tom and his work.

In the evening Tom went to the manager for his two shillings, which he duly received, and then left the store in great haste to seek his humble bed in the box.

One bright morning Tom's old employer, having been directed to his humble bed by newsboys, aroused him and asked him to step forth.

'I've come to employ you, my young man,' said the manager.

'Yes, but I have no references to furnish you, my being a stranger in town, without parents or guardian, my home on the rough pavement ,all these are a poor show.'

'Well, well, my lad, you have already given me excellent references, of which you are probably unaware. I have had different persons walk up to my office and ask me if I didn't need an honest boy. They referred me to a newsboy in the city a few miles down the same river that this stands. on. "He was noted for his pluck, honesty and good qualities," they said. I wrote a notice for that boy to appear at my office in the store the following Monday. But I received a reply, stating that the boy had left town to seek his living in another city. So I have come to employ you instead, and ask you to come with me.'

Tom walked with the manager to the store, and was led to the cellar where he had piled the wood.

'There is one of your references, Tom,' said the manager, pointing to the cellar.

Tom not only had piled the wood, but had transformed the whole cellar into a clean, tidy place. Every tool and instrument was placed in its own box, the coal was in a pile, and in fact everything was in its place. He was painstaking and thorough in every detail and a hard worker. These good qualities attracted his employer's attention, and for this reason Tom secured a fair position in the same store.

Ere he had worked very long, the manager, through correspondence, found that Tom Hildreth was the same honest newsboy who had been recommended to him by friends. This fact stood in Tom's favor, and he was advanced to a higher position.

Throughout his entire career he was a hard worker, and displayed the same thoroughness and painstaking, as when only fifteen years old he piled wood in a store, of which he lately became the head.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The Education Bill and Mr. Chamberlain.
Opinions on the Education Bill:—
Is the Bill Unjust to Nonconformists? By Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, in the 'Empire Review.'
Nonconformist Objections—By Dr. Guinness Rogers, in the 'Empire Review.'
Not a Question of Churches or Feets—By Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford.
A Combination and Reconciliation—By Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.
In the Brummingham Brierpatch. With apologies to Uncle Remus—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
Municipal Socialism—VI.—The Question of Efficiency—'The Times,' London.
What is a Sociologist?—'The Nation,' New York.
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SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A German Criticism of the Sheffield Musical Festival—Translated for the 'Manchester Guardian.'
The Artist Photographer—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Is Photography an Art?—The 'Manchester Guardian.'

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Proverbs in Song—By Una Taylor, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
The Mother—Poem, by Edward Wright, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Sonnet—From the French of Ronsard, translated by Dosc Carrington.
The Children of the Pale—By B. Paul Neuman, in 'The Spectator,' London.
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A New Life of Longfellow—Reviewed by Bliss Carman, for the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Bret Harte's Last Burlesques—'The Spectator,' London.
Frank Norris—'The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.'
Who was Thomas Bodley?—By Henry Markham, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Who Killed Rudyard Kipling?—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London
The Unaccountable Kipling—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Butcher-Bird.

(Bradford Torrey, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Butcher-Bird is not a very pretty name, but it is expressive and appropriate, and so is likely to stick quite as long as the more bookish word 'shrike,' which is the bird's other title. It comes from its owner's habit of impaling the carcasses of its prey upon thorns, as a butcher hangs upon a hook the body of a pig or other animal that he has slaughtered.

In a place like the Public Garden of Boston, if a shrike happens to make it his hunting-ground for a week or two, you may find here and there in the hawthorn-trees the body of a mouse or the headless trunk of an English sparrow spitted upon a thorn. Grasshoppers are said to be treated in a similar manner, but I have never met with the bird's work in the grasshopper season.

The shrike commonly seen in the Northern States is a native of the far North, and comes down to our latitude only in cold weather. He travels singly and if he finds a place to suit him, a place where the living is good he will often remain almost in the same spot for weeks together.

In size and appearance he resembles the mocking-bird. His colors are gray, black and white, his tail is long, and his bill is hooked like a hawk's.

He likes a perch from which he can see a good distance about him. A telegraph wire answers his purpose very well, but his commonest seat is the very tip of a tallish tree. If you look across a field in winter and descry a medium-sized bird swaying on the topmost twig of a lonesome tree, balancing himself by continual tiltings of his long tail, you may set him down as most likely a butcher-bird.

His flight is generally not far from the ground but as he draws near the tree in which he means to alight, he turns suddenly upward. It would be surprising to see him alight on one of the lower branches, or anywhere, indeed, except at the topmost point.

Small birds are all at once scarce and silent when the shrike appears. Sometimes in his hunger he will attack a bird heavier than himself. I had once stopped to look at a flicker in a roadside apple-tree, when I suddenly noticed a butcher-bird not far off. At the same moment, as it seemed, the butcher-bird caught sight of the flicker, and made a swoop toward him. The flicker, somewhat to my surprise, showed no sign of panic, or even of fear. He simply moved aside, as much as to say, 'Oh, stop that! Don't bother me!' How the affair would have resulted I cannot tell. To my regret the shrike at that moment seemed to become aware of a man's presence, and flew away, leaving the woodpecker to pursue his exploration of the apple-tree at his leisure.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

The shrike has a very curious habit of singing, or of trying to sing, in the disjointed manner of a catbird. I have many times heard him thus engaged, and can bear witness that some of his tones are really musical. Some people have supposed that at such times he is trying to decoy small birds, but to me the performance has always seemed like music, or an attempt at music, rather than stategy.

Southern readers may be presumed to be familiar with another shrike, known as the loggerhead. As I have seen him in Florida he is a very tame, unsuspicious creature, nesting in the shade-trees of towns. The 'French mocking-bird,' a planter told me he was called. Mr. Chapman has seen one fly fifty yards to catch a grasshopper which to all appearance he had sighted before quitting his perch: The power of flight is not the only point as to which birds have the advantage of human beings.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

'Yellow Foot.'

('Sunday-School Evangelist.')

When I was a little girl I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese, and among them was a brown hen named Yellow Foot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickens, and she knew if she laid one egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks. So she laid a nice white egg every day, but she could never get twelve, for the cook took the eggs away every day. So old 'Yellow Foot' was very sad.

Now, another hen, named Tufty, thought it would be very nice to have little chickens, too; but she was very smart, and found a place away off, that the cook didn't know about, and there she laid her eggs, and one day she surprised the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with ten little chickens toddling after her. Now, I had learned how sorry 'Yellow Foot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly because of her ten, I felt very sorry, indeed, for old 'Yellow Foot.'

Well, that very afternoon something funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running about her was a lonely little chicken, just out of its shell, making such a pitiful peep! peep! I took it up in my apron, and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean. He said that a hen's egg by mistake had been put with the turkey's eggs, and it takes just a week longer for a turkey's eggs to hatch than it does for a hen's eggs. The poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was any one to take care of it. When I heard that I thought, 'Poor little chicken! What will you do? for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey is ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time.'

And then I thought, suddenly, 'Why, this little chick is just as old as the ten that were hatched this morning. I'll take it to the chicken-yard and set it down with the ten, and Tufty will take care of it.' So I ran to the chicken-yard with it, and put it with the other ten little chicks, and it ran after the mother-hen just like the others. But you can't believe how badly Tufty acted. The minute she heard the strange little 'peep!' with the ten other 'peeps!' she turned round her head, and then she pounced on my poor little chicken and gave it an awful peck! Wasn't it cruel? I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think I was going to catch her little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did the poor little chicken.

While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I didn't stop to think, but I jumped and caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch me. I ran until I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen doorstep, with my poor chicken in my apron, and cried. I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out. When I told her about it she said:

'Why didn't you try old "Yellow Foot?"'

At that I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight and dropped my poor little chicken on the grass, but it was not hurt. Then I picked it up again and put it in my apron, and went to the chicken-yard to try my mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old 'Yellow Foot,' but, finally, I came upon her looking very doleful indeed in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick, but she would not come out. She looked very angry, and made a good deal of noise about it. I waited until she got out, then put my little chicken down beside her, and, oh! you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and when it 'peeped' she gave a quiet little cluck, just as if she was trying to see how it sounded, and then the little chicken 'peeped' again, and 'Yellow Foot' clucked again, and walked around, and the chicken followed her. So my little chicken had found someone to take care of her, and I named her Lucky, right away; and, oh, how proud Yellow Foot was! She strutted everywhere with her one chick, and all the love and care she was going to give the twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and fought for it, and gave it all the warm cover of her wings at night. Little Lucky seemed to know she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest little chicken that ever lived.

Two Little Brown Seeds.

'Wake up, little brother; wake up now, I say,'
Spoke little brown seed to his brother one day.
But 'No, no,' said sleepy-head; 'no, no; not I;
I would rather by far in my bed to lie.'
For both little seeds, at the foot of a tree,
Lay tucked up in bed, snug as snug well could be.

'But listen, dear brother,' the wakeful one said,
'How the sunbeams are laughing, high overhead;
The larks, too, are singing; their song is so gay;
There's naught but a sluggard in bed now would stay.
And even the dormouse is stirring at last—
Why, surely the winter is over and past.

'Aye, little brown brother, the spring is begun.
The earth, I am sure, must be brimming with fun;
Now, little brown brother, fancy what will you be?
And that's a grave question for you and for me.'
'I'll be a stock,' 'I a sunflower, and then—'
'Oh, brother, I never shall see you again.'

And so it befell, for each tiny brown seed,
The stock and the sunflower, soon parted, indeed.
The sunflower, 'tis true, waved aloft as a king,
And whispered, 'Where are you, you poor little thing?'
But at eve, when the stock perfumed the still air,
It sighed, 'Little brother, I'm glad you are there!'

—Cassell's 'Little Folks.'

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LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 23.

World's Temperance Lesson.

Isa. xxviii., 1-13. Commit vs 7. Read Isa. xxviii.

Golden Text.

'They also have erred through wine.'—Isa. xxviii., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Isa. xxviii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Nov. 18.—Prov. xx., 1-13.
Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Prov. xxiii., 15-25.
Thursday, Nov. 20.—Isa. v., 11-24.
Friday, Nov. 21.—Amos vi., 1-11.
Saturday, Nov. 22.—Nah. i., 1-10.
Sunday, Nov. 23.—1 Cor. vi., 1-11.

Lesson Text.

(1) Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! (2) Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. (3) The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet; (4) And the glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer; which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up. (5) In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people, (6) And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate. (7) But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

Condensed from Matthew Henry.

The prophet warns the kingdom of the ten tribes, of the judgments that were coming upon them for their sins, which were soon after executed by the king of Assyria, who laid their country waste, and carried the people into captivity. Ephraim has his name from fruitfulness, their soil being very fertile, and the products of it abundant, and the best of the kind; they had a great many fat valleys (v. 1, 4), and Samaria, which was situated on a hill, was, as it were, on the head of the fat valleys; their country was rich and pleasant, and as the garden of the Lord: it was the glory of Canaan, as that was the glory of all lands: their harvest and vintage were the glorious beauty on the head of their valleys, which were covered over with corn and vines. Now observe what an ill use they made of their plenty. Their king, who wore the crown, was proud that he ruled over so rich a country; Samaria, their royal city, was notorious for pride. Perhaps it was usual at their festivals, or revels, to wear garlands made up of flowers and ears of corn, which they wore, in honor to their fruitful country. Pride was a sin that generally prevailed among them, and, therefore, the prophet, in his name who resists the proud, boldly proclaimed a 'Woe to the crown of pride.' If those who wear crowns be proud of them, let them not think to escape the woe. What men are proud of, be it ever so mean, is to them as a crown; he that is proud thinks himself as great as a king; but woe to those who thus exalt themselves, for they shall be abased; their pride is the preface to their destruction. Ephraim was notorious for drunkenness, and excess of riot; Samaria, the head of the fat valleys, was full of those that were overcome with wine; were broken with it, so the margin. See how foolishly drunkards act, and no marvel, when, in the very commission of the sin, they make fools and brutes of themselves; they yield, (1) To be conquered by the sin; it overcomes them, and brings them into bondage, (II. Pet. ii., 19), they are led captive by it, and the captivity is more shameful and inglorious, as it is voluntary. Some of these wretched slaves have themselves owned that there is not a greater drudgery than hard drinking. They are overcome not with the wine, but with the love of it. (2) To be ruined by it; they are broken by wine; their constitution is broken by it, and their health ruined; they are broken into their callings and estates, and their families are brought to ruin by it; their peace with God is broken, their souls in danger of being eternally undone.

V. 2.—The justice of God takes away their plenty from them, which they thus abused. Their glorious beauty, the plenty they were proud of, is but a fading flower. God has an officer ready to make a seizure for him, has one at his beck, a mighty and strong one, who is able to do the business, even the king of Assyria who shall with the turn of a hand, destroy all that which they were proud of, and pleased with, v. 2. He shall throw it down to the ground, to be broken to pieces with a strong hand, with a hand that they cannot oppose. Then the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under foot; (v. 3) they shall lie exposed to contempt, and shall not be able to recover themselves.

He next turns himself to the kingdom of Judah, whom he calls 'the residue of his people,' (v. 5) for they were but two tribes to the other ten. He promises them God's favors, and that they should be taken under his guidance and protection (vs. 5, 6), when the beauty of Ephraim shall be left exposed to be trodden down and eaten up. In that day, when the Assyrian army was laying Israel waste, and Judah might think that, their neighbor's house being on fire, their own was in danger, then God will be to the residue of his people all they need, and can desire; not only to the kingdom of Judah, but to those of Israel, who had kept their integrity, and, as was, probably, the case with some, betook themselves to the land of Judah, to be sheltered by good king Hezekiah. When the Assyrian, that mighty one, was in Israel as a tempest of hail, noisy and battering, as a destroying storm bearing down all before it, especially at sea, and as a mighty flood of waters overflowing the country, (v. 2), then in that day will the lord of hosts, of all hosts, distinguish by peculiar favors his people who have distinguished themselves by a steady and singular adherence to him, and that which they most need he will himself be to them. He will be to them for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty. They that wore the crown of pride looked upon God's people with disdain, and trampled upon them, and they were the song of the drunkards of Ephraim; but God will so appear for them by his providence, as to make it evident that they have his favor toward them, and that shall be to them a crown of glory; for what greater glory can any people have, than for God to own them as his own?

V. 7.—But they also, many of them of Judah, have erred through wine. There are drunkards of Jerusalem, as well as drunkards of Ephraim. Those were guilty of it, whose business it was to warn others against it, and to teach them better, and therefore who ought to have set a better example; The priest and the prophet are swallowed up of wine; their office is quite drowned and lost in it. The priests as sacrificers, were obliged by a particular law to be temperate (Lev. x., 9), and, as rulers and magistrates, it was not for them to drink wine, Prov. xxxi., 4. The prophets were a kind of Nazarites (as appears by Amos ii., 11), and, as reprovers by office, were concerned to keep at the utmost distance from the sins they reproved in others; yet there were many of them ensnared in this sin. The priest stumbled in judgment, and forgot the law; (Prov. xxxi., 5), he reeled and staggered as much in the operations of his mind as in the motions of his body. What wisdom or justice can be expected from those that sacrifice reason, and virtue, and conscience, and all that is valuable, to such a base lust as the love of strong drink is? Happy art thou, O land, when thy princes eat and drink for strength, and not for drunkenness! Eccl. x., 17.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—Topic—Thanksgiving and thanksliving. Ps. cxvi., 12-17; Jas. i., 27.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LEARNING FROM ANIMALS.

Monday, Nov. 17.—Lessons from ravens. Ps. clvii., 9.

Tuesday, Nov. 18.—Lessons from horses. Job xxxviii., 19-25.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.—Lessons from eagles. Isa. l., 31.

Thursday, Nov. 20.—Lessons from ants. Prov. vi., 6-8.

Friday, Nov. 21.—Lessons from spiders. Prov. xxx., 28.

Saturday, Nov. 22.—Lessons from lions. Ps. xxxiv., 10.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—Topic—What we can learn from animals. 1 Kings xvii., 1-6.

Laws for Teachers.

(James Edmunds, in 'The Standard.')

1. Make the lessons of a given course a unit by establishing associations between them.

2. Closely relate the lessons to the lives of your pupils through their actual experiences.

3. Present the lesson clearly and graphically.

4. Awaken interest and secure attention.

5. Have weekly, quarterly and monthly reviews.

6. Make your pupils think!

7. Make the purpose of the Bible school, and of each lesson, definite and tangible to your pupils.

8. Give proper emphasis in your teaching.

9. Impress the pupils with the lesson through as many sensible channels as possible.

The following quotations are given for the sake of added clearness and emphasis:

'Unrelated facts cannot be remembered; they would have little or no value if they could be recalled.' . . . 'A distinct and lasting impression requires attention, interest and purpose on the part of the learner.' (Patrick). 'If the original impression . . . is what it should be, accurate, comprehensive and independent, memory may be left very largely to take care of itself.' (McLellan). 'The more the relations that are established among the items of knowledge, the greater will be the association of ideas, and the more active and tenacious the memory.' (Compayre). 'Briefly, then, of two men with the same outward experiences, the one who thinks over his experiences most and weaves them into the most systematic relations with others, will be the one with the best memory.' (James). 'The teacher ought always to impress the pupil through as many sensible channels as he can. Talk and write and draw on the blackboard, permit the pupils to talk, and make them write and draw, exhibit pictures, plans, curves; have your diagrams colored differently in their different parts, etc., and out of the whole variety of impressions the child will find the most lasting ones for herself. . . . This principle of multiplying channels and varying associations and appeals is important, not only for teaching pupils to remember, but for teaching them to understand. It runs, in fact, through the whole teaching art.'

A Temperance Song.

'YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.'

Air—Kelvingrove.

(By the late John Anderson. Born 1820. Died 1890.)

(The 'League Journal.)

Mr. Anderson was one of the early Temperance reformers. Born in the town of Musselburgh, he served an apprenticeship as a currier. For many years afterwards he resided in Edinburgh, and was well-known as an active and earnest promoter of total abstinence. He became President of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, and by his tongue and pen rendered great service to the cause. He was afterwards appointed as a travelling lecturer by the Scottish Temperance League, and faithfully and acceptably fulfilled his duties for nine years in all parts of Scotland, and published several volumes of Temperance poems which were much appreciated. He died in his native town, and was interred in the adjoining romantic churchyard of Inveresk.

Would you banish care and gloom
  Frae your ain fireside?
Oh! let Temperance bud and bloom
  At your ain fireside.
Then your canty wife's smile
Will the cares o' life beguile,
And allay the pains of toil
  At your ain fireside.

Oh, how sweet the artless joys
  At your ain fireside,
While your gleesome girls and boys
  Cheer your ain fireside!
Oh! can blyther sight be seen
As they round your board convene,
Fresh and fair as olives green
  By your ain fireside?

Would you madly mar the glee
  O' your ain fireside,
And for love o' barley bree
  Leave your ain fireside?
Won't you join the drinking corps,
And bring misery to your doors?
'Tis a step you would deplore
  At your ain fireside.

Would you force the bitter tear
  At your ain fireside,
Frae the heart you vowed to cheer
  At your ain fireside?
Could you see the fading cheek
Still her smothered grief bespeak,
And afar your pleasure seek
  Frae your ain fireside?

Would you dread the serpent's fang
  At your ain fireside?
Or the deadly adder's stang
  At your ain fireside?
Frae the drunkard's drink abstain,
And your sair-won penny hain;
Then shall peace and pleasure reign
  At your ain fireside.

No Surrender!

(The Rev. James Learmount, in 'The Examiner.')

I hope you have all taken the pledge, and that you mean to keep it. Let me tell you a story. A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. This was a serious offence. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. He was cast into prison to await the execution of the sentence. An effort was made to secure his pardon, but without success. The colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to procure pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if he was ever known to be drunk again he should be shot.

The colonel went to the prison to inform the condemned young corporal of his pardon.

'Oh, Colonel!' said the unhappy young man, as the officer entered, 'you see what my folly has brought me to.'

'Suppose,' said the colonel, 'that I should tell you that, on condition that you never in your life drink again, a pardon is extended to you, your life being the forfeit if ever you taste liquor again.'

'Impossible!' said the lad. 'I cannot live and not drink. Must I never drink? Never!' The poor young fellow relapsed into hopelessness. 'Nothing could keep me from it. It would be impossible to keep the condition.'

'I want your word and pledge of honor, as a soldier,' said the colonel, appealing to the lad's high military spirit.

'Then, colonel,' he cried, 'see here and now,' and he lifted his arm toward heaven, 'that never to my dying day will I put liquor to my lips again.'

The lad became commander of the Imperial Guard, whose very name became such a power, and he kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance: 'The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!'

Will you remember that you have taken a pledge; that you are in honor bound to keep it; will you show the same brave spirit that he showed in carrying out his pledge?

Is Drunkenness a Palliation of Crime?

(Cor. Australian 'Spectator.')

So large a percentage of the crime committed in our State is directly caused by drink, that the above deserves special and earnest consideration. It is a common plea, not only in paltry but also in serious crimes, that, because the delinquent was under the influence of liquor, he is practically guiltless, in fact non compos mentis. If a drunken brute nearly kicks out the little life and energy left in his half-starved and miserable wife, the plea, 'But, oh, he was drunk'; if it does not justify the diabolical treatment meted out to his unfortunate victim, is looked upon with more apathy than would otherwise be the case—indeed just cause and effect. Possibly it is, but we cannot but view with apprehension the pleas made for this class of criminal and accepted as valid by a portion of the community; and, while we cannot but acquiesce that drunkenness is as much of a disease as a crime, when the law is broken under its influence it should be rigorously administered.

Lord Kitchener as Temperance Reformer.

With the aid of Martial Law Lord Kitchener has enforced some drastic rules in regard to the conduct of licensed premises in Johannesburg. Hotels are allowed only four hours a day—at meal times—to sell liquor. A correspondent writing on the subject says:—'The beneficial effects of the change are freely acknowledged, and there is little doubt that after Martial Law is raised many of the rules now enforced will, by common consent, be continued.' And this in a city which, in proportion to its population, is said to have drunk more whiskey than any place in the world! With all its drawbacks, Martial Law, under Lord Kitchener's administration, has shown the way of Temperance reform in South Africa.

The sale of liquor by religious associations in France is causing considerable comment at the present time. It is possible that the force of public opinion will make itself felt in Rome and an end made of the iniquity. The 'Evangelist' quotes M. Clemenceau as stating that five religious communities sell wine wholesale; six sell liquor wholesale; two sell alcohol exclusively; four sell liquors retail; seven convents are patented as distilleries, and nine as inns, with billiard playing allowed.

Correspondence

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—For some time I have thought of writing a letter to the 'Messenger'. There are five in our family who get the 'Messenger' at Cooke's Church Sunday School. After reading mine I give it to my Sunday School teacher to send away. I am writing a 'true story.' Please, when you read it, if you think it will help some one to overcome evil habits will you publish it in the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much.

M. V. M. (Age 15.)

Dawn Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I never wrote to the 'Messenger' before, so I hope to see my letter in print. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for fourteen years, and could not do without it. I always like to read the correspondence page. My father owns five farms, and we live on one near Dawn Mills, which is a small village. He has only rented one farm, so he is busy all summer long. He has 46 sheep, 50 head of cattle, and about 100 hens. We got a new teacher after summer holidays. Her name is Miss Ker. She is an old friend of ours. I think I have written enough for the first time. Will some of the readers kindly send me the songs entitled: 'My Grandfather's clock' and 'Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom.' My address is:

MISS MILDRED V. STINSON,

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very much. In one copy I saw a letter from E. Tracy, which I thought very nice. I like to read the correspondence. I have three sisters, but no brothers; for pets I have a duck and a bird, and I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Honeywill, who teaches the low fourth books. I am nine years old.

F. W. S.

Hespeler, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for three or four months. I get it at the Baptist Sunday School, and our whole class, as far as I know about it, like it very much. In most of the Sunday School papers there are such childish stories in them, so that is the reason I like the 'Messenger' the best, because you get more sense out of the reading matter contained in it.

We have a very fair football team, (Jr.) here now, and we intend entering the Junior League of the fall series. We have got a Y. M. C. A. opened up here now. Hespeler is a small but lively little town, with a population of about 2,500. There are two very large woollen mills here, which employ somewhere about eleven hundred people; two good foundries, one shoddy mill, furniture factory, planing and a saw mill. We have a great water power here (river speed), the river gives a great water power, and has a dam above the Canada Woollen Mills, about one-third of a mile wide. I am working for the London Life Insurance Company. I have the agency of Hespeler and Preston. I am doing fairly well at it, although it is a very tiresome job walking about so much. I would like to have some person to write to me from Nova Scotia, and describe that part of the country, as I have always been greatly interested in that part of the Dominion My address is:

MILTON K. TREMAIN,

(This is a nicely written letter.—Ed.)

Leslie, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper for a long time and enjoy reading it very much. I don't go to school; but go to Sunday-school every Sunday; my sister is a Sunday-school teacher. I have three sisters and one brother. Two of my sisters were in Montreal, but came home a few weeks ago. For pets I have three cats, a lamb, and a chipmunk, but it got away. My birthday is on April 25; I am thirteen

years old. I live in the country on a farm. I have two grandpas and one grandma living; they live quiet near us. We will be moving up to Ontario in the spring.
MABEL F. M.

Abernethy, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, ten years old. I have one brother but no sisters. My brother's name is Talmage. I have a friend who takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think she intends to write soon. My brother takes it and likes it very well. My father is a farmer. I live about a mile and a quarter from school, and go every day, and I go to Sunday-school also. I take music lessons. I took them last year and am taking them again this year. ALMA M.

Hodgdon.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before and saw my letter printed, and I thought I would write again. Hodgdon is a very pretty village, four miles from the town of Houlton in Aroostook county. Aroostook is called the Garden of Maine, and is a great agricultural country. The farmers raise great fields of hay, oats, wheat and potatoes. There are also many very fine orchards, but potatoes are the main money crop; some farmers cultivate as many as fifteen acres of potatoes. The work is mostly done with machinery.
SYDNEY K. S. (Age 9.)

Crofton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' I am a little boy, eight years old. I go to school every day. We live on a farm in Prince Edward county. For pets I have one dog and one little kitten. My papa takes in grain at the store-house. ROSS A. F.

Edmonton.

Dear Editor,—I used to be a correspondent from Grimsthorpe, Ont., but now I am in Edmonton. We left Grimsthorpe May 13, and arrived here May 27. Of course we were not travelling all the time, for we stayed off at several places for short visits. As it might interest some of our readers I will give a short description of our 'Trip to the West.'

We took the boat May 13 from the town of Gore Bay and arrived in Thessalon the next morning. We stayed there visiting my sister, Mrs. Hagen, until May 18. We then took the excursion steamer 'Lincoln' to Sault Ste. Marie, where we visited friends till May 21. Sault Ste. Marie had many places of interest to be visited, so our time was well occupied. There were the pulp mills, the steel plant, the canal, and the gardens of wild animals. Leaving Sault Ste. Marie we took the ferry across to Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. We then took the steamer 'Alberta' to Fort William, arriving there on Thursday, at 11 a.m. Lake Superior was calm, with the exception of a slight swell on Wednesday afternoon and our trip was everything that could be desired. The steamer 'Alberta' is two hundred and seventy feet long. It is commanded by Captain McAllister.

The trip from Fort William to Winnipeg took only one day. We had to wait about five hours for the next train, and, as there are plenty of street cars in Winnipeg, we saw a good deal of that city. We got a good view of the country from Winnipeg to Calgary. Eight hundred miles of prairie surely means some beauty of scenery. As we came near Calgary we could get a good view of the Rocky Mountains. Although the mountains are about fifty miles from Calgary they look to be only a few miles distant. We reached Calgary Sunday, May 25. We attended the church service in the evening.

As there had been a 'wash-out' on the track on account of a heavy rain our trip from Calgary to Edmonton was very slow at times.

We arrived in Strathcona (formerly South Edmonton), May 27. We then got a livery and came to our new home, for, as my father came up about two months before we did, he had a home ready for us.

There now remains little to be told, but I may mention that Edmonton is a fine large town of about six thousand inhabitants.

If I see this letter in print I am going to write another, describing Edmonton. I saw a letter in the issue of Sept. 5, written by my grandfather, Ebenezer Tracy, of Spring Bay. MABEL F. T. (Age 16.)

(This is a most interesting letter, and we hope Mabel will write again.—Ed.)

Rockland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the banks of the Ottawa River, in a very pleasant place. Rockland is a very pretty place in the summer. I attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there. I will be thirteen years old the fourth of November, and I am in the fourth reader. I like my teacher very well. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother is older than I am. I have a little kitten, the dearest little pet. SADIE A.

Elsinore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' every Sabbath. I enjoy reading the correspondence. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Ella McKechnie. Our pastor is Mr. Mowat. I go to school every day and I am in the fifth class. My teacher's name is Miss McKenzie. I have a quarter of a mile to go. I live on a farm seven miles from Lake Huron. There are three churches, a store, a temperance house, and a blacksmith shop, and a number of dwelling houses in our village.
ALICE M. N.

Delphi, Ind.

Dear Editor,—I live about ten miles from the place where the battle of Tippecanoe was fought, and about one and one-half mile from the river itself. It is a very pretty river. Some of us boys went camping on its banks late last summer and spent over two days and nights there. The first night the mosquitoes were so bad that I did not sleep much, but the second night I was very sleepy, and if the mosquitoes bothered me I did not know it. But the boys woke me up twice, the first time one of them got up on the front of the waggon, and another fired off one of our shot guns; but I was asleep in a minute. The next time, one fired the gun and one of the others jumped on to me. I was going to sleep again, but they said they were going to have breakfast, so I got up. It was about three o'clock. Some of the boys did not sleep at all either night. We only caught two fish on two trout-lines in all that time. I once asked to correspond with some of the 'Messenger' subscribers and two wrote. One of them wrote two or three times; the other only wrote once. What has become of them? If any one can tell me where I can find the poem entitled 'Don't marry a man to reform him,' I will be very much obliged. My address is:—John H. A. Anderson, Delphi, Ind.

North Harbor, Cape North, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I always thought of writing to the 'Messenger' about my business affairs, etc. I have been taking the 'Messenger' since two years, and I can say I enjoy it immensely. I am sorry I did not sign years ago. I am with my papa aboard a vessel; her name is 'Maggie Ella'; a severe gale struck us and broke our cable; we drifted ashore at Channoler Island, and papa would have been drowned had he not been a good swimmer and crawled up on a log. I happened to cling to a boat and by God's aid I managed to land safe. We are bound to North Sydney with a cargo of flat grass, two bags of wool, and a lot of flag roots. We have a nice meadow, so we can live quite comfortably in winter. We have one pig and one ox, a great worker. I have two nice muskrat pets. THOMAS RAMSEY.

(This is very interesting letter. Write again, Thomas.—Ed.)

Emsworth, Pa.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' for three months and like it very much. I like to read the correspondence. I have a brother eight years old. We both go to school; we are in the third book. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Stauffer. I was at Toronto and Niagara Falls about three years ago. I liked the ride on the boat across Lake Ontario from Lewiston to Toronto very much. I have an aunt in London. VICTOR L. (Age 10.)

East Templeton, Que.

Dear Editor,—East Templeton is a little village on the Ottawa River. A lot of the men and boys work in the large mills belonging to Mr. McLaren, of Buckingham. We go to the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Mr. Scott is our minister. When the Duke and Duchess were in Ottawa I went to see them. The city was decorated very prettily with flags, bunting, and arches. At night the streets were lined with Chinese lanterns. The Parliament Buildings were beautiful, being outlined in electric lights. Our school just started to-day, so we have had a long holiday. I like the 'Messenger' very much. 'VERNA.'

Mail Bag.

Chatham, Ont., Oct. 23, 1902.

Editor. 'Weekly Witness,'—Please send me some of the 'Northern Messengers' containing Temperance Pledge Rolls and the W. C. T. U. will endeavor to get them signed. I think it an excellent idea. I also wish to congratulate you on the good work being done by your papers, the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger.' Yours very truly,

L. D. GRAHAM,
President, W.C.T.U.

Vankleek Hill, Oct. 8, 1902.

Dear Sir,—I am sending the subscription price for the 'Messenger' for another year. I have taken it almost since I can remember, and do not take a paper that gives me more pleasure in reading. I wish a copy of the 'Messenger' could be sent to every home. I am, yours sincerely,
ELLEN J. TAYLOR.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Glimpse of Himself

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.')

The day had been unusually trying, and Mrs. Elmore was very tired when at last she had tucked her babies into bed and seen Bridget walk down the street for her evening call on the sister who lived just around the corner. Mrs. Elmore turned up the lamp and laid the new paper invitingly uppermost on the pile of papers and magazines, which she hoped would tempt her husband to read something aloud for her entertainment. Her own evening work was laid out in a basket, which overflowed with stockings to mend, with little aprons, frocks and trousers in need of repairs, and with the new gown which she was by degrees evolving for herself from two half-worn ones. Everybody's basket of work is full, as mothers know, but Mrs. Elmore's was over-full, for she had a large family and was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, who had never acquired the art of slighting a single thing in the day's routine. Often of late she had been aware of something new in her experience—a sense of loneliness and depression such as she had never felt before, and her nerves, hitherto so firm, had grown unsteady. What she needed was rest and a break, a chance to drop her work for a little while; but if ever she thought about this, the possibility was so remote that she bravely put the idea out of her mind as not to be considered at all.

One thing she did covet, and that she was increasingly deprived of—the pleasure of her husband's society in the evenings. John Elmore was a good citizen, a good workman at his trade, and a good provider in his home. When they were first married, he and Mary were constantly with each other, but gradually a change had come to pass. She was occupied with the care of her little group of sons and daughters, all close together like steps, and he became interested in outside affairs—in the school-board, the town improvement, the building fund association, and, more than all, in the club.

Mrs. Elmore approved of public spirit in her husband, and was proud of him as a rising man. But when, six nights out of seven, she sat alone in her little parlor, sewing or reading, not a soul to relieve the monotony, she sometimes felt that she would prefer to have John's company, even if John had less to do for the public welfare.

The parlor looked very pretty, a bunch of golden-red and purple asters on the mantel, and the big chair for John pushed into the best place for reading.

Presently John came in; a big, blond man, with blue eyes and a shock of yellow hair, six-foot two, and as handsome as a picture. Mrs. Elmore lifted her eyes to his and sighed.

'You are in evening dress, John? And I thought you meant to spend this night with me.'

'This night? Why, is there any special reason, Molly? The club is to receive General Frenchson and his staff, and I am on the committee. I wish it were a ladies' night, but it isn't, and couldn't well plead an excuse. If you had mentioned it this morning, little woman, I might have begged off, but it's too late now!'

'It's our wedding anniversary, John—that's all!'

'Sure enough, and I forgot it completely. Never mind, darling; forgive your old husband, and we'll keep it up in fine style when it comes round again next year. Good-by, Mary. There are Harry Post and Frank Barclay at the door waiting for me.'

A kiss and a nod, and John was gone.

As for Mary, she put her work aside, and bowing her face in her hands, cried, hot, scalding tears dropping one by one as if pressed out of her heart. She cried silently, the words beating over and over in her brain: 'He forgot our wedding-day, and he doesn't care.' Something that had bound her fast to John in a ring of wifely trust and love suddenly scorched and bit her as if it had been a fetter. Mary Elmore's gaze went back over the past twelve months. Her solitary evenings, her incessant housework, the babies upstairs, the baby that was coming, and it was overwhelming—the feeling that her good times were passed, and this hard life was to go on forever.

In the midst of her tears there was a knock at the door, and Mary never heard it. The visitor waited a second, turned the knob and came in. It was John's Aunt Phebe, a great friend of the family, and Mary's particular ally and helper.

'Why, Mary!' she exclaimed. 'Why, Mary!'

'Oh—Aunt Phebe!'

'What is it, dear? Tell me!'

'A headache,' stammered Mrs. Elmore.

'Nonsense!' said Aunt Phebe. 'People cry themselves into headaches, not over them. Tell me what has happened?'

'Indeed, Aunty, I have nothing to tell,' answered the wife, too loyal to complain of her lord. 'I was tired and melancholy, and the blues got the better of me. I'm glad you came in.'

'So am I,' declared her aunt; 'and now that I'm here I'll just sit awhile, and if you are tired out you go to bed. John's at the club, I presume, and won't be back till midnight. Lucy Anne will stop with me when her Browning Class has finished its session, and in the meantime I'll amuse myself.'

Mrs. Elmore yielded. She was in no mood to converse, and, indeed, felt too ill to be company for any one. She went to her room, and soon, mercifully, slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When, at the stroke of twelve, John Elmore came home, he was amazed to see a bright light still in the parlor, it not being Mary's habit to sit up for him. He tiptoed up the garden walk, and was surprised at that hour to see Aunt Phebe and her daughter calmly established there, deep in conversation. No Mary was visible. John was about to open the door and enter when he heard his own name, and was arrested with the surprise one naturally feels when he hears himself discussed.

Aunt Phebe was talking in a low voice, but her tones were emphatic.

'I'm sorry, Lucy Anne, but I'm not going away till my nephew comes home, if it's two o'clock in the morning. You may sleep later to-morrow to make up for this. John is a most thoughtless, selfish and ordinary fellow, and I'm afraid the Elmore blood is cropping out. I used to fancy he was more Wilkinson than Elmore, but I was mistaken.'

'John is slowly killing Mary,' were the next words John heard. Lucy Anne said them in her positive way. Lucy Anne, whom John had tossed in the air when she was a roly-poly baby, and whom he regarded, now that she was a beautiful girl, with an air of cousinly proprietorship!

'She's not going to be so easily killed,' said Aunt Phebe, whose keen eyes and ears had taken note of the listener at the door; 'but he is killing her love—and that's worse! He does not drink or gamble or beat his wife; he simply neglects her—shoves her into a corner of his life and goes on his own way. John likes to be with men, he enjoys a jolly evening, and he fancies Mary is well off and happy because she is at home with her children. You notice, do you not, how seldom John goes to church with Mary now? He is too tired, after a Saturday night at the club, to attend church on Sunday morning.'

'Well,' Lucy Anne chimed in, 'if Edgar Brewster had married Mary Allen, it would have been different. He courted her when John did, and he has never married. They say in Lincoln that Edgar never got over the disappointment when she refused him.'

'She was very pretty,' said Aunt Phebe, 'but she's losing her good looks fast. Flowers do when frost blights them. Well, I must go home after all. Turn the lamp down, Lucy Anne, and tread softly. The poor child is asleep, and I hope isn't going to be ill, but Dr. Ames is worried about her. He told me yesterday she's on the road to nervous prostration. If she has to go to a sanatorium it'll make a hole in John's savings. His sister Jane could come and take care of the house. Come, daughter, we'll just slip off home.'

John softly stepped round the corner of the porch till his relatives were out of sight. He had heard some rather plain truth, and he was wholesomely wounded. All the evening he had had an uneasy sense of meanness, in leaving his wife alone to spend her wedding evening. Now he perceived how he looked through Aunt Phebe's eyes.

'I am a selfish brute!' he muttered, as he went upstairs in his stockinged feet.

Mary was asleep and did not stir. Her husband looked at her. There were hollows in the cheeks that had been so round, and silver threads were showing in the dark brown hair. Her face had the grieved look that a child wears when she has sobbed herself into dreamland. A sharp compunction pricked John's heart. He tried to undress very quietly, and in the effort made considerable noise. He dropped the hair-brush on the floor and knocked over a chair in the endeavor to be perfectly still.

Mary awoke. 'That you, John?'

'Yes, Molly.'

'It's most morning, isn't it?'

'I'm afraid so, Mary. But,' and the big hand stole tenderly under the cover and took hers, which lay in his unresisting, but with no returning pressure. 'I'm ashamed of myself, and I beg your pardon, dearest. I've made up my mind to resign from the club. Married men ought not to carry its burdens. I'm going to turn over a new leaf and be with you more, and—Mary—I'm sorry.'

'Don't say another word, John.'

Two arms were around his neck, a soft cheek was laid against his. Mary forgave him on the spot. He did not tell her what he had overheard, and Aunt Phebe and Lucy Anne kept their own counsel. But John's resolution was not broken. And Mary did not have nervous prostration, and does not now seem in the slightest need of going to a sanatorium.

Attractive Rooms for Invalids.

(Miss Adele K. Johnson, in the New York 'Observer.')

The angel of our household has been an invalid for many years; for her sake all invalids are dear to me.

If you have one with you, give her a nook near the living rooms in the heart of the home life. Make the invalid feel that she is essential to the family life. And on her side, let her remember that 'we have within ourselves the power to make our days cheerful or disagreeable.' And if we have not physical health, let us succeed in attaining mental strength. 'A cheerful heart makes glad the long day.' And by making their room as pleasant and comfortable as possible, we will help them 'to turn the picture and find the sunny spot,' as Phoebe Cary bravely sang to us.

Hardwood floors and rugs are the most hygienic. A large rug or an all-over carpet is comfortable for a semi-invalid. Pretty rugs are cheap and also artistic. Quiet, unobtrusive colors are best—remember how many hours each day the invalid must see it. Carpets in self tones are also restful. When you come to the walls, if you have few pictures choose one of the modern striped papers, otherwise a plain one, in not too strong a color. If the room is dark, have yellow curtains to simulate sunshine; the effect is very good. Select restful colors, but not too dainty ones. Golden brown with light green is a good combination. A room which has harmonious touches of a different color is more successful than when only one is used.

'Avoid confusion, and do not crowd a room with furniture.' Light woods, as birch, maple and oak, are desirable; they aid in giving such a cheery aspect to a room. Brass bedsteads do also, and a few pieces of enamelled furniture. The chairs should be light, provided with cushions rather than upholstered.

A small, low, two-shelved table to stand at the head of the bed or beside the invalid's chair is essential, but do not keep the medicines on it in sight. If they must be kept in the same room, have a little screen to shield them from the patient's eyes.

This is one of the many little things which all help in making a successful invalid's room.

An emergency shelf, curtained, or a cupboard for the same purpose, is a treasure. Here have always in perfect order, rubber water bags in two sizes, a tiny one to use around the head or neck; oil silk, old linen and flannel, vaseline, witch hazel, a teaspoon and a tiny gas stove which is inexpensive and will fit over a gas jet. Among desirable, almost necessary articles of furniture is a wide, restful couch or cot with plenty of comfortable pillows, where the invalid may be moved occasionally for a welcome change.

Have plenty of cheerful, entertaining engravings, etchings, or photographs. This season wide, dark wooden frames are the most fashionable and the dark green mats are still much used. Nevertheless the narrow gilt, silver, and white and gold frames are very attractive. Books are desirable decorations. They make a delightful corner, and will recall many happy hours to the owner. I wish every invalid could know the joy of books. 'A love of reading is only a degree lower than the musician's paradise.' If you once found a truly noble thought in a book, it will always be there, and whenever you seek it in the right spirit you will find it. Illustrated papers and magazines are a treat to weary eyes. A bust of a favorite author or musician is an unusual and thoughtful gift for an invalid.

Thrifty plants in the window are a blessing both to the inmate and the passers-by. Have only hardy plants and by all means a few blossoming ones. When an invalid is not able to leave home for the summer, a radical change in the furnishings of her room is desirable and wise. It is pleasant to paint the floor and substitute small rugs for the warmer carpet that did service in the winter. The window curtains may also be agreeably changed. Japanese crepe, Java print, make cool, artistic, restful curtains. Sometimes the long curtains are removed and only the shades and half length sash curtains used. Window screens are certainly necessary.

If you did use upholstered chairs, now replace them with those of reed, rattan or wicker. The pillows will look more delightful than ever, if every one of them has a simple, washable cover. For summer days change the pictures except one or two favorites.

The prettiest invalid's room I ever saw was a symphony in greens. Green rugs, paper green with gold pattern in stripes, no frieze, plain lighter green ceiling paper. The wood work of the room was in North Carolina pine, a rich yellow. The furniture was maple, one side chair maple, one rattan and the third a delightful 'sleepy hollow' chair, the most comfortable of all known chairs. Instead of a couch a luxury indeed was a woven hammock, costing $2.50. This had many pillows, a pine needle one with yellow and white silk cover, lavender denim with green and cream figured double frill, green linen, etc. The curtains were of Madras, cream with light green designs. There was a delightful case of books which the owner called 'her memory corner,' as she was limited to ten minutes a day for reading. A gay hamper was convenient for magazines, all near at hand when wanted.

The pictures included an oil painting of a river and its banks near the Minnesota lakes; an etching of a New England fishing village and shores; a cherished Madonna and the study of a head which might have belonged to one of the fairies that inhabited the woods in olden times; besides half a dozen cabinets of a favorite small nephew. The little silver thermometer afforded her much comfort. On the bureau was a novel pincushion, one that skilfully represented a small loaf of bread. There was a jar of beautiful marguerites, several feet high.

Give the Baby Rest.

(The 'Presbyterian.')

What does the nervous mother ask herself in moments when nerves are strained by pain or over-excitement of any kind? asks a writer in an exchange. 'Rest!' she chiefly demands. 'Leave me! Let me have quiet, darkness, freedom from effort.'

We accord the nervous baby exactly opposite treatment. We answer as if it entreated, 'Rock me! Toss me! Shake rattles at me! Sing to me, shout, jump at me! Show me a light, anything to keep me awake and excited!' Tradition takes a strong hold on the nursery. It is voted cruel indifference 'to let a baby cry.' The very mother who best recognizes the value of 'a good cry' in calming her own overwrought feelings, can least make up her mind to allow the same relaxation to the baby for whose nervous condition she is probably entirely to blame. The tiny baby's fretfulness is, as a rule, purely physical, and especially dependent on over-excited nerves. Any mother who will allow her baby to grow for at least six months of its life in a restful atmosphere absolutely unstimulated beyond its natural pace of development, will have food for thought in comparing her results with those of the more common training.

Selected Recipes.

Grape Juice.—Heat ripe grapes, over a slow fire until the juice flows readily. Just before they reach the boiling point remove them from the fire and crush, squeeze and strain them. Add to the juice one pound of sugar to every quart. Return the mixture to the stove and bring gently to a boil. Remove, bottle at once and seal.

Cottage Cheese.—When making cottage cheese, instead of putting the sour milk on the fire—in this way it is often overcooked—set in a pan of boiling water. Renew the water if necessary. After it curdles drain thoroughly, and add salt, pepper, butter and cream.

Cocoa Frappe.—Stir together one-quarter pound of cocoa and one and one-half cups of sugar. Pour over the mixture one cup of boiling water and cook until smooth and shiny. Add a scant two quarts of milk, to which a stick of cinnamon has been added. Boil ten minutes. Beat the whites of an egg until stiff, add one-half cup of sugar and a half-pint of whipped cream and stir into the hot cocoa mixture. Cool, add a scant half teaspoonful of vanilla and freeze. Serve in glasses and with a spoonful of whipped cream on top. —'Washington Star.'

Spiced Peaches.—Peaches intended for pickling should not be too ripe. Select fifty perfect ones, peel them, cut them in halves and remove the stones. Put into the preserving kettle a pint of cider vinegar, one and a half pounds of granulated sugar and six or seven small spice bags, each containing a few cloves, a few pieces of whole mace, stick cinnamon and green ginger. Tie them carefully with a heavy thread. A circular piece of cheesecloth about three inches in diameter is the best for the purpose. As soon as the sugar melts add the peaches; boil them until they are tender. When putting into cans leave a spice bag in each jar. Pears may be pickled in the same way. Surplus juices from pickling, preserving and canning peaches and other fruits should be carefully saved for pudding sauces, mince pies, etc., later in the year.

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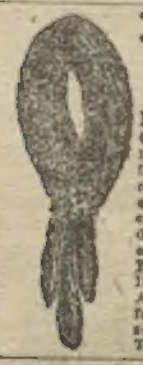

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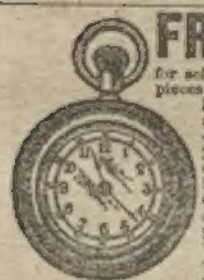

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EARN THIS MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Grand Panorama of the Boer War.

You take it into a dark room place a light in the machine, then turn a crank at the back and a long series of brilliant war Scenes in colors is flashed upon the opposite wall. You have, doubtless, often heard of the wonderful living picture machines exhibited recently in all the large cities. Here is a chance for you to have a moving picture machine of your own, and you can get it without spending one cent of your own money. We give it all complete for selling at 10c. each only 8 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and helping us to secure other Agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. Boys, here is a chance for you to make a big hit giving evening exhibitions. Our wonderful moving picture machine delights old and young alike.
WESTERN INK CO., Dept. 402 TORONTO

FREE RIFLE
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. Long Range. Terrific Force. All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. Given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so cheap and useful that everybody buys. Write for Ink Powders to-day. THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **6 Canadian Home Cook Books,** and helping us to secure other Agents. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 20,000 sold already. **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once.

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 445 TORONTO, ONTARIO

SHOT GUN FREE

For selling at **10c.** each, only **25** packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and helping us to secure other Agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders postpaid. Western Ink Co., Dept. 403 Toronto

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy stripe, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest fin gain I ever got." Price, per box, only 25c., or 3 boxes for 50c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N, St., Toronto.

STEEL AIR RIFLE FREE

Given for selling at 10c. each only 10 **Waterman Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This all steel long-distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickelled barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock; shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Just the thing for small game and target practice. Write to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN Co., Dept 426 Toronto.**

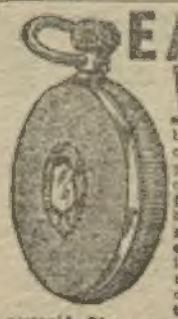
LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 8 **Canadian Home Cook Books** and helping us to secure other agents. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. You can easily sell the Cook Books and earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty, with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **Home Specialty Co.,** Dept. 432 Toronto

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Easy running, swift and powerful, with iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly-wheel and Russian iron burner compartment given for selling at 15c. each only six **Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold-finished lever tops set with brilliant, flashing electric diamonds and helping us to get other agents. Nothing sells like our Diamond Collar Buttons. Write to-day and we will send them postpaid. **GEM NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 421, **Toronto**

EARN THIS WATCH



by selling at 10c. each only 10 packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder** and securing a few more agents for us. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face **case,** the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 10 packages postpaid. **You can** sell these and **earn this Watch in a few minutes.** Western Ink Co Box N. Y Toronto.

EARN THIS $50.00 SEAL COAT

Not One Cent to Pay

out of your own pocket. Ladies, we give you this stylish, warm and handsome Electric Seal Coat, made from full furred selected skins and lined with best Skinner's satin, for selling at 15c. each only 2½ doz. Canadian Home Cook Books and securing more agents for us. These Cook Books are handsomely bound and well printed on good paper and contain 739 valuable and tried recipes for all kinds of plain and fancy dishes. They would easily sell at 50c. each. At 15c. they go like hot cakes. **Every woman buys one.** Doubtless you wonder how we can possibly give this costly fur coat for so little work. The secret is that we expect by treating you with exceptional generosity, to secure a very large amount of business from amongst your friends and acquaintances. Write to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. **Home Specialty Co.,** Dept. 446 Toronto.

FREE

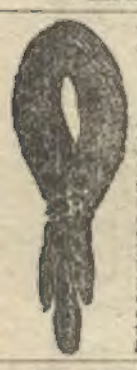
This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces Songs, Speeches, etc., as finely as any $100.00 machine. We give it complete with 5 up-to-date records for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders and helping us to secure other agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior ink. It is so **cheap** that **everybody** buys. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **Western Ink Co.,** Dept. 414 Toronto.

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for selling at 10c. each only 15 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders and helping us to secure other agents. Each package makes 5 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Ink Powders to-day. Western Ink Co., Dept. 436, Toronto.

We give this splendid **Four-bladed Knife** beautifully made from the finest tempered Sheffield steel, for selling at **10c.** each only 6 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and **useful** that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. Western Ink Co. Do. t. 433, Toronto

FREE



FUR RUFF FREE

Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely Free** for selling at **15c.** each only 3 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can sell the 3 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you. Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept.** N. K. F. **Toronto**

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume and helping us to get other agents. **Everybody buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Dept. 410, Toronto**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, nickelled corners, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at **10c** each only **10 wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of Ink. **They sell everywhere.** You can easily earn this accordeon in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 402, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and pistons, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with suction hose and a long fire hose with brass nozzle, given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders and helping us to secure other agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send you the Ink Powders postpaid. **THE WESTERN INK CO., DEPT. 430 Toronto.**

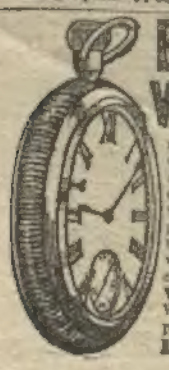
LADY'S WATCH

FREE for selling at **10c.** each, only 1 doz. packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and helping us to secure other Agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Ink Powders, postpaid. We trust you. **The WESTERN INK CO., DEPT. 432 TORONTO, ONT.**

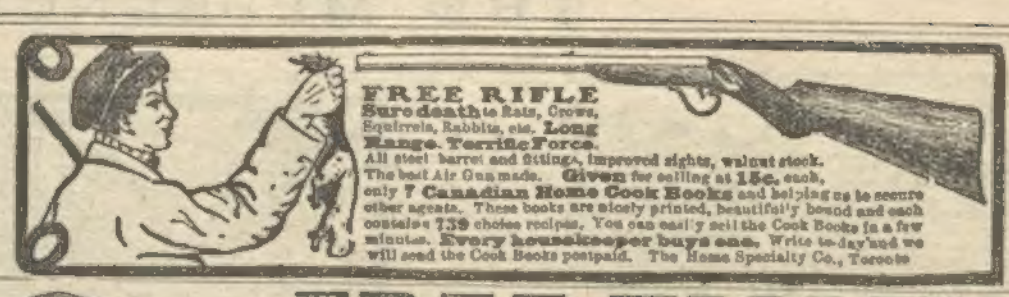
FREE STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear, powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, given for selling at 10c. each only 6 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day, sell them, return the money, and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **Western Ink Co., Box 440 Toronto.**

Earn This WATCH



by selling at 10c. each only **10 Wonderful Glass Pens** and helping us to get a few more agents. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are as light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of Ink. **They sell everywhere.** This handsome watch has polished **Silver nickel** open face case, the back elaborately engraved, with keyless wind, imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. **With care it will last 20 years.** Write to-day and we will send the Pens postpaid. **THE TOLEDO PEN CO., DEPT. 400, Toronto, Ont.**



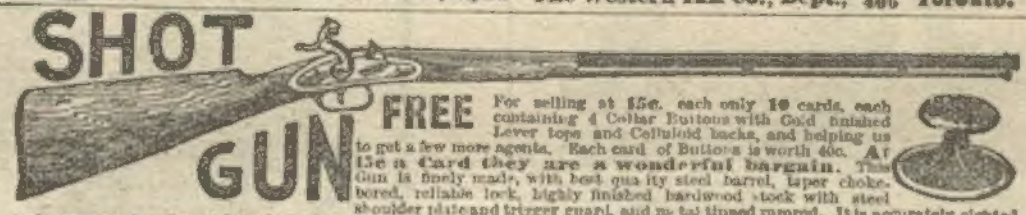
FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **15c.** each, only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books** and helping us to secure other agents. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. You can easily sell the Cook Books in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. The Home Specialty Co., Toronto

FREE VIOLIN.

Powerful, Sweet Tone with strings and bow, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and helping us to secure other Agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** You can earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders postpaid. **The Western Ink Co., Dept., 406 Toronto.**

SHOT GUN FREE



For selling at **15c.** each only **10** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons with Gold finished Lever tops and Celluloid backs, and helping us to get a few more agents. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. At **15c a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. The Goldaloid Co., Dept. 403, Toronto.

FREE 97 PIECE DINNER AND TEA SET

X Ladies! This is your

full size for family use, made of the finest ware, in the very newest shapes and latest designs, suitable for any table. The decorations are clear and distinct, delicate in design, and the whole effect is stylish, beautiful and artistic; a set that will give you lasting pleasure because it will stand the wear of years, the colors never losing their brilliancy. This elegant set consists of 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl, in all 97 full size pieces, all light in weight, perfect in color, extra smooth, and for beauty and richness equal to any Dinner Set ever sold at retail for less than $25.00. We **give it free** for selling at **15c.** each only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books** and helping us to secure other agents. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. You can easily sell the Cook Books in an hour. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 20,000 sold already. Mrs. John Powless, Desbonto, Ont., says: "The dishes are most beautiful and I am delighted with them." If you have longed to possess a handsome set of dishes, but yet felt hardly able to afford one, here is your chance to get one free. Write to-day and we will send Cook Books postpaid. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 444 Toronto.

FREE PERCUSSION GUN

Given for selling at **10c.** each, only 9 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and helping us to secure other Agents. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, has bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and highly polished wood stock, carefully sighted and tested. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs or darts with great force and remarkable accuracy. Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders, postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this splendid Gun in a few minutes. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received the Gun all right and like it very much. I have shot 5 birds already." **THE WESTERN INK CO., DEPT. 435, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE

Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1903 model. Not one cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only **2** doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $3.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. Frank Clemens, Tara, Ont." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. F., Toronto.**

14K GOLD WALTHAM

Watch worth $25.00. Lady's double Hunting Case or Gent's open face. Magnificent **14k.** Solid Gold-filled case, guaranteed for **20 years,** handsomely and artistically engraved and fitted with a celebrated Greenwich, Waltham or Elgin movement, stem wind and set, 7 jewelled, highly finished, patent hair-spring hardened and tempered in form, and oval regulator, polished and gilded. A magnificent time-piece that will last a lifetime, given for selling at 15c. each only **20** handsome pieces of Jewelry: Lockets, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Brooches, etc., and helping us to secure other agents. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 20 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry post paid. Don't miss this grand chance to get a $25.00 Gold Watch without spending one cent. **The Canadian Premium Syndicate,** Dept. 439, Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 75c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 407 Toronto.

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at **15c.** each only 6 beautiful 14k. Gold-Plated Stick Pins and helping us to get a few more agents. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c. and at our price, only 15c., **go like wildfire.** Write to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. **THE PIN CO., DEPT. 475, TORONTO, Ont.**

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